

Book and Tract Work.

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Brother D. C. Moomaw has sent us the manuscript of a pamphlet on "Feet-washing." It is crisp and pointed, and brings the subject matter before the mind in such a way that the point is at once seen, and appreciated by those who are investigating. This pamphlet is needed. There is one also on the Lord's Supper. If the doctrines held by the Brethren church are worth practicing, they are worth investigating. Help us in the work. One dollar per year for three years is but a mite, yet what a work it might do. He who blessed the loaves and fishes will bless that which we use and feed a multitude of hungry souls. Send the amount to Editor EVANGELIST.

Dr. Coke in 1785 gave a tract to a family in Virginia named Cowles. The family numbered fourteen, and that tract was the instrumentality used in the conversion of the whole family. A tract distributor passing through a sparsely settled country gave away many tracts; one of them entitled Repent or Perish, was found floating in the Frazer River. Perhaps some careless hand had tossed it there. A man saw it, took it out, dried it, and then read it, and by it was converted to God. A preacher invited a man to attend meeting and the man refused, but he consented to take a tract. A few weeks after he stood up in the meeting and confessed that the tract had led him to Jesus. During the war a chaplain was passing through the hospital, and he left in an empty bed a tract, which was a copy of the hymn, Will You Go? The soldier came to his bed, picked it up, read the title, and dropped it; a second time he picked it up and read,

"We are traveling home to heaven above;
Will you go?"

and threw it down again. Soon after he picked it up again and read it through, and then he thought, and finally wrote on it, "By the grace of God I will go" and he signed his name. Some months later he was killed in battle in Virginia, but he was saved by the tract. It is often the case, when a man will not enter a church and will not listen to the preaching of the Gospel, that he will read when alone a tract, and that tract may be more effectual for his salvation than a sermon.

There are many cases where the presentation of a tract has been the instrumentality which has prevented crime and suicide, and restored from despair an immortal soul. Passing through Switzerland

a tract distributor presented a tract to a man in a town notorious for gaming; on his return some days later he met the man who exclaimed, "I thank you for saving my soul and body." He then explained that on that day, when he received the tract, he had lost heavily in gambling, and was contemplating suicide, but the tract arrested his attention and led him to Christ. Instances of this sort could be multiplied, for these little printed missives have been known to prevent crimes, to save lives, to heal the broken hearted, and to bring the despairing one to Jesus. We never know, nor can we realize the good we are doing in distributing tracts.

The human mind is peculiar. It is a bundle of powers. Start the right power, and results are for good. Sometimes a very little thing starts wonderful activities. A little girl's finger on a button turned on the electric power that touched tons of powder and dynamite and hell gate was blown up. The water approach to New York was no longer dangerous. Many agents for the salvation of souls may be working. The Holy Spirit may have all ready, it needs only a touch to start the powder and blow up the sins of a life. The handing of a tract may be the touching of the button. The following from Mrs. Boyd Carpenter illustrates the point:

"It's a queer story," said Tom, but it's true; the letter A was the letter that led me to my Saviour. I was in a peck of trouble at the time; my wife and the babies were all ill and I was worried, and I had less than no hope to look to anywhere, for I didn't believe in religion and that sort of thing. Well, one night the paper given me to set up for printing was about a prize which was offered to anyone who could correctly tell the number of A's in the Book of Hosea. It struck me I might try.

"I'd had extra expenses at home through illness and the doctor to pay and so on, and my work being amongst letters all night, I thought I stood as good a chance of the prize as any one, and so I determined I'd go in for it. I hoped to get the money, but I found what was better than silver or gold. I found the key to life. I used to fancy that life ended with what you see and what we made our own lives, but that little letter showed me that we are being led by a way that we know not, and are in the hands of One who orders all things for our good.

"It was Friday night I set it up. As soon as we were free I got to work, and by Saturday night my task was done. But as I was counting the A's one struck me

more than others; perhaps it was because it was a capital, and so I missed it at first having been counting the small ones, and had to go back for it; perhaps because it was an uncommon word, 'Achor.' 'Achor,' I thought, 'what a queer word! I wonder what it means?' And so I turned to the reference and saw in Joshua in the margin, 'trouble.' 'Well, that's odd,' I said to myself, 'the valley of trouble for a door of hope. I'm sure I'm in trouble enough, and yet I don't see where the hope is coming from.'

"All day long that word 'Achor' stuck in my mind. Saturday night I spent nursing my wife and wondering what sort of 'hope' there could be for me with the prospect of losing her, for she was very bad that night. In the morning I got a turn out of doors, and as I passed an open church door, with service going on I thought I'd look in and see if I could get any light in my difficulty, how trouble could bring hope. I was late, and the clergyman was in the pulpit, so I don't know what his text was. He was talking about Atheism, and saying that 'A' meant 'without' and that without God there was no hope for any man. He then showed that Christ was the hope of every man, Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of all things. I've heard lots of similar sermons, but you see I'd got that letter A in my head, having counted so many the day before, and so it struck me as curious that I should hear a sermon which was so much about it, and it made me listen, and there I found hope, for I found my Saviour. He led me through trouble by a way I knew not, and now I feel I cannot be silent, but must spend myself for Him."

Dean Swift once preached a charity sermon: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord. If you are satisfied with the security come down with the dust."

I am not asking for charity but help to carry on the Lord's work, and it does look as if some people were satisfied with the security given in such work. The Lord has his eye on professed workers as well as the poor. Brethren let us have a little dust.

An *Exchange* says:—Seventeen years ago Rev. Rhys R. Lloyd was working with a pick and shovel in a Pennsylvania coalmine. To-day he is a Professor of Greek in the Pacific Theological Seminary at Oakland, Cal.

WHEREVER a good man lives, the devil has to fight for all he gets.